

FIVE

Love-Letters

Written by a

CAVALIER,

in Answer to the

Five Love - Letters

Written to him

BY A

NUN.

---

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes  
at the Post-House in Russel-street,  
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FIVE  
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in Answer to the  
Five Love Letters  
Written to him

BY A

NUN

LONDON  
Printed for R. Bland and W. M. G. at the Post-Office in Pall-mall  
near the Theatre Royal  
Gordon, 1882.



THE  
ANSWERS  
OF THE  
Chevalier *DE L.*

To the Letters of Gallantry,  
from a Nun in *Portugal.*

---

*The First Letter.*

---

**I** Confess, you express the  
Passion you have for me,  
in terms so sweet and en-  
dearing, that I should be the  
B most

most insensate thing in the  
 World, not to be touched to  
 the Quick ; the Testimonies  
 you gave me of your love the  
 first time I had the Honour to  
 see you, were Marks too plain  
 and certain for me, not to be  
 fully convinced of it : It may  
 be needless for me to repeat  
 them by Resentments so ex-  
 pressive of your Tenderneſs,  
 that will but afflict a poor mi-  
 ſerable Lover, who thinks of  
 nothing but you, who neither  
 breaths nor ſees (one moment  
 of his Life) but for you. You  
are the moſt ſweet delightful  
 Idea of his Imagination, which  
 continually flatters and pleaſes  
 my Soul and Senſes. I ſleep  
 neither Night nor Day, or if  
 it happens, that Sleep cloſe my  
 Eyes

Eyes but for one moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by representing you to my Imagination in some pleasant Dreams: Ah! I would to God that those happy Amorous Dreams had either never come into my Fancy, or, that they would continue always with me when awake. But what (unfortunate that I am) do I say! Ah! I <sup>unnecessarily</sup> betray my Passion, I reprove my self, I am pleased with my Sufferings, I find it pleasant to suffer for the most *Lovely Object*, the most charming Person in the World. These are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and you have always appear'd such to me from the first moment I had the happiness to see you, and to con-

ceive a Passion so violent for  
 you, that I have ever since  
 happily languish'd in your  
 Chains: Judge you then if  
 your Love has wanted a Pro-  
 phetick Fore-knowledge of  
 me: no, no, you are not be-  
 fray d, your hopes are found-  
 ed upon a Person, will not be  
 wanting to you to the very  
 last moment of his Life; I  
 know your passion is extream,  
 and that my Absence must be  
 severe to you, but it cannot  
 cause more Torment to you,  
 than your Absence causes  
 Grief and Unhappiness to me;  
 and I hope my Return will not  
 give you more satisfaction,  
 than your Presence will give  
 me Joy and Pleasure. Take  
 courage, *Madam*, and mitigate  
 your

your Grief, and let it not be too ingenious in tormenting you for a Person who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope I shall see

again the charming Brightness of those Eyes which makes up all my Pleasures, and the whole Felicity of my Life; let those bright Eyes be *reanimate*, and resume their native Lustre, and cease to obscure themselves with Tears; be assured, they shall see that Person again you have so earnestly wish't for. If my remote-

ness be grievous to you, yours must be much more to me, since it has made me dye a thousand times a day for you.

The present of so fair a Life as yours, is well worth the re-

ceiving, and sufficient to make me extream happy; but, I beseech you speak not of sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit so noble a Sacrifice, unless it be the Quality of being a Lover perfectly and intirely yours; and by vertue of that sweet Title, I presume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice, of mine to you. I know well enough you continually send your Sighs towards me, and I send mine to you every moment; yours make me sensible of your uneasiness, and mine declare my Love which shall last eternally, and should make you hope, that the day will come shall give an end to your Sorrow. Forbear then

(I beseech you *Madam*) to torment your self any longer, and be assured that the most delicious Pleasures of *France*, are no other than severe Punishments to me, when I consider my unhappiness, by being thus distant from you: I know, you are fully perswaded of my tenderness for you, by your acknowledgments, and your repeated remembrances of the very affectionate Passion I have had for you, and the Services I have done you; they are inconsiderable in regard of my Love, which is infinitely beyond any thing I could ever do for you to express it aright. The least acknowledgment of it from you, is a thousand times of more value, than all the

Cares imaginable the most perfect Lover can undergo to serve you; and let not my past Cares and Sorrows give you any further trouble, but rather let those I am now going afresh to give you Testimony of, have a Room in your Thoughts; neither mind my last Letter, but rather think of this I have now sent you; this you have reason to rejoyce as much for, as the former have occasion'd your disquiet and trouble. For my part, I do assure you, I never was more surprized, than when I had news of you last, and that through the excess of my Joy and Love I fell into a Swound which I continued in for above three hours, in the midst

o.f.



of a great number of the most  
 Beautiful Ladies of that Coun-  
 trey ; but all that is nothing  
 to the Resentments I have at  
 this time for your Sufferings  
 through my absence ; and I can  
 assure you, that withal my  
 heart I participate of all the  
 the Evils, all the different In-  
 dispositions and Passions you  
 are subject to, which are as so  
 many Darts that every mo-  
 ment do pierce and tear my  
 heart, and the more sweet and  
 pleasant the remembrance of  
 your Love and Perfections are  
 to me, the more am I over-  
 whelm'd with grief for the  
 trouble you endure. But to  
 what purpose do you com-  
 plain any longer of the Evils  
 you suffer in loving me? What

can I do more, than to adore  
 you all my days, and sacrifice  
 my Life to you, as I continu-  
 ally do? These are the so de-  
 lightful terms which you make  
 use of to express your Love  
 for me; and as for me, I am  
 extreamly troubled that I can-  
 not *in terms more affectionate,*  
 express my tenderness for you.  
 I am resolved wholly to follow  
 your so affectionate Senti-  
 ments of Love, and to conse-  
 crate all my own to you alone,  
 which no other person living  
 shall partake of; they are all  
 for you, and have not the  
 least regard for any other but  
 your self; and I faithfully as-  
 sure you, my Soul shall never  
 vent one poor sigh but for you.  
 It is not possible for me to  
 love

( III )

love a Person more perfect or  
more <sup>well</sup> accomplish'd; The sole  
merit of your Beauty and  
your Love should give you  
all the assurance imaginable,  
that I never shall have Inclina-  
tion for any other than your  
self. Believe me (*Madame*)  
that when I quitted *Portugal*,  
it was for the grief I had, that  
I could not with freedom e-  
nough Converse with you in  
your unlucky Cloyster. I  
made you believe, I should  
stay some time with you; I  
know very well, 'twas too  
short a time; but since you  
desire it, i'll spend my whole  
Life there: I will find out the  
means to accomplish your de-  
sires, and to render you all the  
Respects and Adorations I owe  
you,

you as the fairest and most  
 perfect and absolute Mistress of  
 my Soul: I will certainly make  
 good this <sup>promise</sup> truth, and put an  
 end to all the Griefs and Un-  
 happiness of us both. I was  
<sup>so much</sup> overjoyed he knew that the  
 Letter I receiv'd from your  
 Brother, has given some <sup>little</sup> respite  
 to your Trouble; it has also  
 given me a great deal of Com-  
 fort. I know your Passion  
 was occasion'd by me, but you  
 must acknowledge I had no  
<sup>choice</sup> less for you, and if I have made  
 you unhappy, I have made  
 my self unhappy also, by quit-  
 ting you; but it shall not be  
 for any long time, neither my  
 Remoteness from you, nor  
 your Cloyster, shall hinder me  
 to love you, and to come  
 near

near you: That place holds a  
 Treasure which belongs to  
 none but my self; this you  
 shall know at my Return, and  
 in the mean time you may as-  
 sure your self of it by my Let-  
 ters; our unhappy destiny se-  
 parates us but for a time, but  
 Love has united our Hearts  
 for ever. I will write often to  
 you, to shew you my concern  
 for the Conservation of your  
 Life, and that I suffer the  
 same Torments with you, and  
 all to give you assurance, that  
 my Loye is come to the high-  
 est pitch imaginable. Adieu! I  
 can do no more: I keep your  
 Letter with more care and  
 dearness than my Life, I kiss it  
 a thousand times a day, and I  
 would to God you could as  
 well

( 14 )

well embrace yours. I hope  
(one day) it will be, and that  
that Destiny will Unite us,  
which has thus separated us.  
Adieu! The Pen drops out of  
my hand, I wait for your An-  
swer with Impatience; con-  
serve your Friendship for me,  
and believe I shall not return  
into Portugal, but for your de-  
liverance from the Sufferings  
\* you lie under for my sake,  
who am absolutely yours, and  
a thousand times more yours  
than my own.

The

*The Second Letter.*

**Y**OU do me injury in ac-  
 cusing me of having  
 dealt unkindly by you, and of  
 having quite forgotten you; I  
 cannot believe, you have real-  
 ly such thoughts of me, or if  
 it be so, 'tis, because you have  
 not yet received my Letter,  
 which when you have, I per-  
 swade my self, you will be  
 quite of another mind. I can  
 do no less now, than endea-  
 vour to undeceive you, by  
 declaring always and by all  
 means the strong Passion I  
 have

have for you. I should be the most perfidious Lover in the World, if (after so great and sweet Testimonies I have given you of my Passion, and you have given me of yours) I should not persevere in my Love. Yes, *Madam*, do me right, and believe I am and ever shall be the same; this distance does but inflame me the more, and causes me so rigorous a torment, as makes me easily judge (by my own Suffering) of the violence of yours; forbear then to afflict your self any longer, and forget that despair you are in, unless you have a mind <sup>gaily & gay</sup> utterly to kill a poor miserable Creature, who has no other thing in his Thoughts, but your self  
 contr



continually ; whose Grievs you infinitely augment, by the increase of your own, and the complaints you make of me.

Ah ! Why did I ever see you ; or having seen you, why had you not less Love and less Beauty ? But what shall I say, unhappy that I am ? No, no, I would not for a thousand such Lives as mine is, have been deprived of the happiness of seeing you, since that view has compleated my Felicity. I am ravish'd with it ; and though I suffer by being thus removed from you, yet it causes Torments so amiable and pleasing to me, that I cannot without injustice complain of them, or if I do complain, 'tis because am sensible of your Sufferings.

and

and if the Complaints you make against a Person, who dedicates to you every moment of his Life. Do not injure me with so shameful Reproaches, that I have abused you, 'tis unworthy an honest Man and a faithful Lover, you ought by the tenderness I have for you, to be perswaded, that my procedure is grounded upon a greater faithfulness and generosity. The excess of my Love should set you above all these mean Suspitions. As you are the most agreeable and the most perfect Lover in the World, so do you merit more Fidelity and Love than is to be found in all the Lovers of the whole World besides. But to what end do you tell me that

that I betray you? Is that the Justice you do my Love? And will you destroy my Life by means so rigorous and injurious? What have I done to you, that you should have such Sentiments of me? Have I wanted Fidelity towards you? Have you found any indifference or coldness in me? Have I done you any unkindness? I wou'd rather have chose to die a poor Death, than in any manner to have disoblighd you in the least degree. You tell me you have not heard from me these six Months; you shou'd rather accuse the Infidelity of the Messenger, since I have written twice to you in that time, and not the easy blind fondness you believe

believe you were guilty of in-  
 loving me. Our Pleasures are  
 not yet at an end, or if they  
 be interrupted, 'tis but for a  
 short season; you shall yet one  
 day see me again in *Portugal*,  
 and you may rest assured, that  
 I will with all my Soul re-  
 nounce and quit all my Kin-  
 dred, Estate, and my Coun-  
 try, to devote my self intirely  
 to you. If your Grievs are real  
 and true, your Desires and  
 Longings shall not be fruitless  
 and vain. I hope to have en-  
 joyment of your sweetness and  
 happy Charms in your Cham-  
 ber, sooner than you can be-  
 lieve with all the Ardour and  
 Passion you can desire from  
 my Love; and that our Plea-  
 sures shall continue so without  
 inter-

interruption, even to the end of our Lives. Chear then your self (*Madam*) with this happy hope of enjoying more than ever the most gustful and delicious effects of our Love. I remember you have told me, that I have made you unhappy, that is but for a short season; for after our being thus sever'd for a while, our meeting will make us excessively joyous, and our enjoyments will be infinitely the more pleasant and delightful: Let us not then seek after any other remedies for our Evils, than the hope of seeing one the other as soon as may be. If we suffer, let us suffer with mutual consent and agreement: You tell me, I am more to blame than

than you, your Love is grown  
 excessive but I am not; or if  
 be so, they are not my Mistres-  
 ses in *France* that make me  
 unhappy, since you are the  
 only Mistress I intirely devote  
 my self to, and this truth  
 which comes from my heart,  
 conjure you to be absolutely  
 convinced of; If you have any  
 pity for me, you'l believe my  
 unhappiness proceeds from the  
 Love I bear you, and not the  
 indifference whereof you ac-  
 cuse me; that were to do in-  
 justice to my passion: But 'tis  
 with good reason that you  
 flatter your self in the belie-  
 that my pleasures and enjoy-  
 ments cannot but be imperfected  
 without you, since I have no  
 other than this single Consola-

tion

tion of having all my thoughts, passions, and affections, wholly taken up with you continually as yours are with me. I am extreamly joyed to know that you are become Porte r o your Convent: 'Tis a most certain means of bringing our Intentions to good effect, but I enjoin you to keep your Love more private and secret than you have done hitherto, to the end we may be able to continue it with more assurance and undisturbed. Envy not the happiness of *Emanuel* and *Francisco*; they are but my Lacqueys, whom I shou'd have but little consideration of if they had not been recommended by you; but for your self, you are the true and only

only Mistress of my heart and soul. I wou'd to God that you were with me as they are, how happy shou'd I then be, since my ambition, my whole desire and longing of my soul is no more than to serve you, and to live and die with you. I confess I make use of no other terms, than the same you do to give me *Testimony* and assurance of your Love; for where is it possible for me to find expressions more sweet and more sincere than those which come from your heart? if I repeat them, I do it to assure you, that I do not desire only to have you in my memory eternally, but also to have full possession of you while my Life lasts, in the place where  
you



you wish and most desire; I sacrifice my self to you with the same zeal you declare your self towards me; I love you, I adore you with all my Soul. Do not fancy your self seduced, because of my long absence, it shall soon be at an end, and you shall know the contrary of what you have hitherto believed of me. The Transports of my passion are at least equal with those of yours; nor let it trouble you at all that you have divulged your Love contrary to the opinion the World have of honour and your Religion. —

On the other side, as it is a great perfection to Love, so we have this advantage and consolation, that we have brought our

C

Love

Love to the highest pitch of perfection. I conjure you to believe my passion is equal with yours, and that I (by the same measures with you) place all my Religion and good Fortune in loving you to the utmost, maugre all hazards or ill opinion of the World. You afflict me when you tell me you would not have me write to you unless I did it unconstrain'd. Tell me (I beseech you) is it possible for me ever to deny myself so much, or put that restraint upon my self as not to write to you, and give you an account of my self, and assure you that I adore you as the most perfect and accomplished Person of all Humane Race? Why do you tell me  
you

you take pleasure in excusing  
 and pardoning me? If I be  
 not in condition to do some-  
 thing for your service. Do  
 you think 'tis possible for me  
 to forget you? I am never  
 better pleas'd than when I  
 think of you, and take Pen in  
 hand to write to you, nor  
 more dissatisfy'd than when I  
 lay it aside; I am infinitely  
 obliged to that worthy Gen-  
 tleman who was so generous  
 to entertain you so long upon  
 my account; assure your self  
 that whenever there is Peace  
 in *France*, I will give you the  
 satisfaction you desire from me,  
 and that you shall see that de-  
 lightful Country as soon as I  
 can possibly bring you thither.  
 Adieu! Comfort your self,  
 pre-

preserve my health in preserv-  
 ing your own; as my Picture  
 supplies with you the room of  
 my Person, so does yours with  
 me hold the place of the Per-  
 son most dear to me until our  
 happy destiny shall bring us  
 together. Adieu! I will never  
 forsake you. Adieu! I make  
 an end; believe me I suffer all  
 the evils you do, but I conjure  
 you not to share with me ( in  
 any degree ) of mine for fear  
 you increas your own.

---

*The*

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*The Third Letter.*

**N**OW it is that I am lost in despair, finding my Letters have not been delivered you. My God, what shall I do? Or what will become of me? If my last Letter came not to you? How comes it that I receive yours, and that you receive not mine? I confess that you are happily removed from all (the mischief) you have foreseen; but, if one (at least) of my Letters can have fallen into your hand, it will be some comfort to you

for my so much regretted absence? Doubt not (I beseech you *Madam*) but that I have answer'd with all fervent and passionate expressions of my Love, all your Letters I receiv'd; and believe me, I will not fail for the future to write by such hands as shall not deceive me, and give you all assurance of my passion; no, no, I shall never forget you, I love you with too much ardour to be guilty of it; do not you put an end to your Love sooner than I shall to mine; put an end rather to your languishing disquiets, and assure your self, that at my Return you shall enjoy all those sweet Delights you expect from my Conversation.

Vex

Vex your self no longer, I am endeavouring to clear and dis-  
 embarras my self of all my  
 most pressing affairs, that I  
 may hasten to your succour.  
 Ha! Why do I complain to  
 you, whom I know to be so  
 uneasy upon my account, and  
 my self am so extream unhap-  
 py, and that you have no  
 knowledge of all those Tor-  
 tures and Grievs which ravage  
 my Soul, and as so many darts  
 mortally wound me. Bless  
 me! What a rack and torture  
 it is to me to be unhappy to  
 this degree that my Letters  
 never come at you. It makes  
 me die with grief, 'tis unsuffe-  
 rable, I cannot bear it; my  
 unhappiness is come to the  
 height, and I know now very  
 C 4 well,

well, 'tis not without reason  
 that you question my Fidelity;  
 lay what you please to my  
 Charge, I am content, and  
 you may treat me with all  
 sorts of rigour since I have no-  
 thing to say, and cannot ju-  
 stify my self; in the meantime  
 God is my Witness, I have ne-  
 ver betray'd you, and that I  
 never enjoy'd more pleasure  
 and satisfaction than when I  
 have been alone with you;  
 reproach me not with saying  
 all my cares to serve you pro-  
 ceeded from your Importuni-  
 ties.—You owe them whol-  
 ly to your own Merit and to  
 the true Love I have for you;  
 I never loved or esteemed you  
 otherwise than as the most  
 perfect and most accomplish'd  
 Person



Person in the World, and  
 when I inflamed and made a  
 slave of your heart (as you  
 tell me) I did no more than  
 you have done by me; if you  
 have made me happy in giving  
 me infinite pleasures, I still hope  
 I shall one day find the very  
 same grace and favour from  
 you, with the same height of  
 satisfaction, and with Trans-  
 ports as sweet and ravishing  
 as those you formerly were  
 pleased to *express*. Have pa-  
 tience and suffer not your self  
 to be agitated with so many  
 various Passions and Disturb-  
 ances; if you love me to ex-  
 tremity with a most passionate  
 Love, I love you beyond all  
 expression. 'Tis you only that  
 wholly and solely possess my  
 C 5 heart,

heart, and I dare not tell you, that I am continually agitated with the like Transports and Passions with you, for fear I should drive you to utter despair. I know very well your Anxiety and Grief is excessive, by reason of my absence ; but should not the hope I give you of my coming to you very speedily diminish and mitigate your sadness and anxieties? Call to mind the Promise and Protestations of constant Love and Fidelity I have made you, and you cannot but live with more satisfaction and joy. I approve of, and love your Jealousy, 'tis an infallible mark of your Tenderneſs and Love for me ; though you may be jealous upon a wrong ground,  
for

for I never was in Love with any but you: I dare not tell you, you have brought me into a Mortal despair, to find you reduced to so sad an extremity by vilifying the zeal I have for you; nevertheless I am sure you will change your note when you shall have understood my procedure. Put an end to your Afflictions and repent you not of having loved a man who is wholly your acquiscion and property. Your Reputation is not lost by loving me; nor shall the severity of your Parents nor the rigour of the Laws of your Countrey ever be able to hinder me from making you as happy for your whole Life, as your own heart can wish. I know

know the means for me not to  
 appear ungrateful to you  
 hereafter for the Love you  
 bear me: if you have hazarded  
 all for my sake, I will also a-  
 bandon all for yours. Have  
 patience then but for a little  
 while, and please and support  
 your self with the hope I give  
 you, you shall find in the issue  
 that the aim and end of my  
 Promises will succeed to your  
 Wishes. I believe ( because  
 you tell me so ) that the de-  
 spair you are in for me is much  
 greater in your heart than you  
 can express by your Letters ;  
 is this the reason that you will  
 not conceal your Love from  
 me, because you believe I have  
 not discharged my self of my  
 duty in writing to you ? But I  
 hope

hope this Letter will disabuse  
 and free you of the ill opinion  
 you have of me. The love and  
 respect I have for you tells me —  
 continually, that I intirely be-  
 long to you, and that Heaven  
 has made us one for the other.  
 The Sentiments I have for you,  
 are the most kindest and ten-  
 der that any one can possibly  
 have for the dearest and most  
 faithful constant Mistress ;  
 preserve your self then for my  
 sake, that we may mutually  
 enjoy the sweetest and most  
 pleasant delights, when I shall  
 become so happy as to possess  
 you : Allay those miserable  
 Transports wherewith you  
 are agitated. Oh ! Tell me  
 no more of that Tragical end  
 you expect by my means ; that  
 thought

thought destroys me out-right,  
 it makes me die with horrou  
 and amazement ; I am not ca-  
 pable of having Sentements so  
 cruel ; the Passion I have for  
 you is so strong, that I cannot  
 but love you to all extremity  
 till Death. Destroy not your  
 self then by afflicting your self  
 thus ; but preserve that happy  
 and fair life which is so dear to  
 me, and by that means you  
 will also preserve mine ; af-  
 flict me no longer and take  
 compassion on me in having  
 pittty for your self. I am so sen-  
 sibly touch'd for you, that if  
 you shall die for my sake, I  
 wou'd not survive you one  
 moment. The violent Passi-  
 on you express for me, gives  
 me aversion and disgust to all  
 things,

things, embitters all my enjoy-  
 ments, for fear any ill shou'd  
 by that means happen to you.  
 Fear not that I shall ever quit  
 you for any other Mistress;  
 'tis a sort of ill Nature, indeed  
 Cruelty, that I am not capa-  
 ble of. I can make no other use  
 of your Passions than to ani-  
 mate me the more to love you,  
 and not to triumph and glori-  
 fie my self in the advantage  
 you pretend I have over you,  
 to the end I may render my  
 self more amiable to some o-  
 ther Mistress. No, I love you  
 not for ostentation or any such  
 unworthy purpose; I am not  
 so proud, nor am I so ill na-  
 tur'd, or ill bred, to become  
 so base, none but Fools deal  
 so; Your sweet Disposition,  
 your

your Virtue, and other Perfections, merit a treatment the most tender and respectful: You know I always endeavour'd all I could to hide our Love, least I should offend or disoblige you; I never have more satisfaction and joy than when I read your Letters, I find nothing so charming: you believe them long and tedious, but I find them so short that I conjure you to lengthen them a great deal for the future. Say not you are beside your self, you are too discreet in your Love, and too prudent in every thing else to give your self that ill quality; and since I am thus infinitely happy in having your Letters come safe to me, I beseech you continue that



that happiness to me in writing often, that I may have a fellow-feeling and share with you in your griefs, and dismiss that despair you tell me I have caused in you, that you may live in tranquility for the future. Adieu ! If your Love increases every moment, mine is come to the highest degree of passion and violence. Adieu ! I shall die of grief if you do not as soon as possible let me know those many things you have to say to me ; I pray God with all my Soul, this Letter may be safely deliver'd you, to testify the ardour of my Passion for you. Adieu !

The

---

*The Fourth Letter.*

I Am extreamly satisfied to find my Lieutenant had been to wait on you from me, and has given you an account of me ; I am infinitely obliged to you for the care and tenderness you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have the same reciprocally for you. Do not apprehend that any ill befel me in my Voyage *by Sea*, it was very pleasant to me, and I suffer'd very little by it ; I had written to you as well as to my Lieutenant, but I was affraid

affraid that what I shou'd then<sup>t</sup>  
 write as well as what I had for-  
 merly writ might not come  
 safe to you, and for that rea-  
 son I deferr'd it. I hope you  
 will certainly receive this I now  
 send you, for the Gentleman  
 that carries it is my very good  
 Friend ; if I have notice by  
 the next of yours that you  
 have not heard from me, I  
 will not stay one moment but  
 come away and comfort you.  
 I never fail'd writing to you,  
 and answering your Letters  
 whenever I had opportunity so  
 to do. I must own and look  
 upon my self as the most un-  
 happy of all Lovers (though  
 the most faithful) since you  
 never receive my Letters ; I  
 know not what more to do  
 than

than still (as formerly) declare and give you all assurance possible of *my most fond and tender Love for you*. But to what end do you write so often to me, since my Answers never come at you? It is necessary, and I will continue writing to you, for I am never better satisfied, nor do I breath with so much ease at any time as when I have a Pen in hand to write to you; but I become heartless and miserable, and seem ready to die as soon as I lay it aside. When you write to me I am even ready to die both for Grief and Joy, without being able to die out right; I die for grief to find you so afflicted by your not receiving my Letters, I die for joy when-

ever

ever I receive yours: I preserve  
 your Letters with more care  
 and tenderness than I do my  
 own Person, as the proper ga-  
 ges of your Love, which I  
 shall give you a faithful ac-  
 count of when I shall be fully  
 happy to see you. I acknow-  
 ledge you have reason to treat  
 me as ungrateful since you re-  
 ceive no answer from me; but  
 I perswade my self you will  
 have other thoughts of me  
 when I have undeceived you.  
 I have always conserved the  
 same fondness I ever had for  
 you, and have given you  
 proof of in your Chamber.  
 My Life, my Estate, my Ho-  
 nour, my All is yours, and  
 depend of you; I sacrifice all  
 to you, I love you, believe me, I  
 adore

adore you with all my Soul;  
 I conjure you not to question  
 it in the least. Complain not  
 for the future of my want of  
 concern or any passionate af-  
 fection for you; I have the  
 same extream fondness for you  
 as formerly; how unhappy am  
 I that I cannot tell you my  
 thoughts face to face. What  
 sure Testimonies wou'd you  
 then have of my Love? but  
 then there would be no need  
 of any; my languishing eyes  
 and countenance full of Love  
 would make you easily read  
 the passion which has thus in-  
 flamed my heart. Spare all  
 these disquiets you give your  
 self upon my account, and  
 x know that my procedure is  
 the very same with that I made  
 appear

appear to you in the most happy days of our first conversation. You are not abused: My affectionate concern and passion for you have always been sincere, and shall ever be so during my life. Do not suspect my Fidelity, *I* love you most tenderly: *I* can make you no excuse for the negligence you charge me with, *I* am no ways too blame in that matter: *I* love you with too much fervency to be guilty of it; and you have reason to justify me upon that occasion your self. *I* acknowledge that my assiduous Attendances, my Transports, Complaisance, my Oaths, my violent inclination to you, and my so agreeable and happy beginnings may have

have altogether charmed and  
 inflamed you ; but notwith-  
 standing you are not seduced.  
 'Tis vain for you to shed so  
 many Tears since I persevere  
 and am still the same, your most  
 faithful and constant Lover.  
 If you have tasted abundance  
 of pleasure in loving me, I  
 hope you shall for the future  
 enjoy as much, and much more.  
 End then your Grievs and al-  
 lay those passionate emotions  
 which distract your Soul,  
 Have some pitty on me. I find  
 my self dying with despair  
 when you assure me you suf-  
 fer so much for me. You  
 need not tell me you stood  
 not out nor resisted my love  
 with any stubbornness, I know  
 very well you did not, you ne-  
 ver



ver gave me the least occasion  
 of Chagrin or Jealousie to in-  
 flame me the more, or make my  
 passion the more earnest; that  
 is an assured mark of the free  
 and natural kindness and ten-  
 derness you have for me; and  
 'tis that does oblige me to love  
 you, and to adore you eter-  
 nally: *I* at once both admire  
 and love that ingenious free-  
 dom without artifice, and  
 that most obliging conduct of  
 your love towards me with-  
 out disguise. Ah! How hap-  
 py am *I*? A Sweetness so great  
 and delightful; an *Inclination*  
 so tender, free, and natural;  
 a *Love* so perfect, and a *Beauty*  
 so accomplish't; how infinitely  
 am *I* your Debtor for so ma-  
 ny great and fair perfections  
 D which

which concenter in you ?  
 Since you were pleased to sacrifice them to me every day, with so much tenderness and ardour, I should be the most ungrateful and perfidious of all *Lovers*, if I had not a due sense, and should not make due Acknowledgments of them ; I am throughly sensible of them, and if you were perswaded thereof during the time I had the honour of your Conversation, you will find your self much more perswaded thereof for the future. How sweet are the marks of your Love and Favour to me ? When you tell me I appear'd lovely to you, before ever I had told you I loved you, and ~~that~~ you were inclin'd and even

even rap't to love me, even to the utmost degree of Passion, how great the zeal, how great the Complacense, or rather what excess of Love was it in you? And how great was my happiness and good fortune to know so excellent a Person was so passionately in Love with me. What returns of thanks do I not owe you, and what expressions can I possibly use to declare a Passion answerable to yours? you confound me——and my Love, though never so ingenious, cannot find terms expressive enough of the ardour of my zeal to answer these, whereby you declare your affection for me. I shall only say this, that the Transports of my Passion are

inconceivable, and that I love  
 you infinitely. Though these  
 Expressions speak a great deal,  
 I know well they say but little  
 to what you deserve; never-  
 theless you may thereby be as-  
 sured, that you have not been  
 deceived, as you believe, since  
 I love you with an equal and  
 Reciprocal kindness, with all  
 my Soul. Those tender Pas-  
 sions of yours have always ap-  
 pear'd to me so sweet and a-  
 greeable, that I have always  
 been charmed with them. I  
believe I have made a worthy  
choice in *Portugal*, when I  
 preferr'd you before any other  
 Person, for the *Object of my*  
*Love*, and for all your other  
 Perfections, having always re-  
 solved after my return to live  
 and

and dye with you. Do not then accuse me any more of Cruelty, and call me no longer a Tyrant ; I exercise no Rigour towards you; all you can pretend, is but imaginary, caused by your not receiving my Letters; it is true, you made but little resistance to my Love, and by a particular and most endearing goodness you were easily willing to close<sup>x</sup> with, and fasten your self to me : However, complain not that I have quitted you ; I had pressing Reasons at that time to part with you, but as strong as they were, I should not have done it, unless you had consented ; neither the Vessels then bound for *France*, nor my Family, nor my Honour,

D 3                      no,

no, nor the Service of my King's (whom I revere) should ever have obliged me to absent my self from you, if your self had not permitted me so to do. Did not you know that I am wholly yours? Why did you not then stay me? You had no more to do than to agree to the offer I made you of staying, I should have consented to it with all the joy imaginable: But we have this to comfort us both, that the time of my Return draws near, and that you shall see the fears and affrightments you are in, lest I should never come to you again, soon dissipated. Never let such Apprehensions trouble you, and since you love with so much Passion, let it be with-

without Grief and Anxieties. Quit the Aversion and Disgust you have to every thing ; torment your self no longer, let your Kindred, Friends and Convent, serve to comfort you, and convert every thing, that (through your excess of Melancholy) you have made matter of Affliction to you, into matter of Recreation and Comfort, and not of Torment and Suffering ; assure your ~~self~~ that if you employ all the moments of your life for me, I do the very same for you ; as your heart is full of Love, let not the dislike and aversion you have for every thing, cohabit there ; live in all Tranquillity, and Repose, and let not your Life be mise-

rable and languishing any  
 longer ; keep your Passion  
 close and undiscoverable till  
 my return, that your Mother,  
 your Relations, and your  
 fellow-Nuns, may be disabused.  
 If all the World is concern'd  
 for your Love, I conjure you  
 to believe that I think my self  
 much more interested and  
 concern'd than all the World  
 besides. My Letters are not  
 so cool and indifferent as you  
 take them to be ; 'tis because  
 your mind is prepossess'd with  
 excess of Love, that you ima-  
 gine so. If they are not  
 so long as you wish't to have  
 them, 'twas because I believ'd  
 I had said a great deal in a  
 few words: I assure you, I  
 never had more pleasure,  
 than



than when I was writing to you ; loving to perfection as you do, you ought not to afflict your self. Divert your spirit then from all anxious imaginations, and give truce to your Grievs: Let that Balcone where *Dona. Brites* and you used sometimes to walk together, be a subject of Joy to you, since 'twas there the Passion which inflames you, had it's birth, which I have always by all Testimonies possible answer'd, with all tenderness. You were in no mistake when you believed I had from that very time a design to please and ingratiate myself with you, it was indeed all my desire, I took special notice of you above the rest

of the Company, I considered you attentively and earnestly, and was so forcibly taken with your beauty, and all other your perfections, that I suffered my self to slide easily into a Resolution of loving you : 'Twas then I understood by Gestures, so amorous and most pleasing to me, that you had an Inclination for me, and that you took a singular pleasure in every thing I did, as if my love had suggested to you, and prompted you to believe that all my Actions had no other aim, than solely to please you. But all those beginnings of our Love should not transport us into Despair, and make me pass for a Criminal with you, since all I did was for a good

good end, and that I love you as faithfully, as you love me. You may expect from me, all that is possible for me to do to satisfy you. I cannot be ungrateful, for all those endearing tenderesses your love express'd towards me. My Body, my Soul, my Life, my Honour, and my Estate are all yours; my Procedure is better than you believe. Be not apprehensive, that I abandon you. 'Tis a sort of baseness and ingratitude so odious to me, that it never shall prevail over me. If you are perswaded, that I have any Charms, or any agreeable good Qualities, I make a Sacrifice of them to you. I never will devote my self to any other but you, and

and since you find merit in me, I am satisfied, all the fair Ladies of the World are nothing with me, in comparison with you; nor will I ever love any of them, but your fairest best self. And provided, I be always in your Favour and good Opinion, I am then come to the height of my wishes, and compleatly happy. Do not then wish me so much Favour and Kindness from the fairest Ladies of *France*. You shall find in the issue, that I am not subject to change, and that the most charming Objects, ~~X~~ shall never be able to make me forget the Love I have for you. I do not make it my business, to find out specious Pretexts to make you appear culpable,

culpable, and to make you unhappy. 'Tis not my design to stay long in *France*; I cannot enslave my self there to lose you. Neither the Fa-tigue of a long Voyage, nor the greatest dangers, the regard I have for my Relations, my Estate, my Honour, nor any Convenience or Advantage whatever, shall be able to divert me from coming to render you my Adorations. I answer with all my Heart and Soul all your Transports of Love; nor can your Passion be greater than mine is. I would to God I were eternally fix'd in one certain place near you, where I might always have the pleasure of viewing and contemplating of

of you, of serving you, of loving you, and of adoring you. I say not this to flatter you, I am so enchanted with your Charms and Favours, that I live but half a Life, with the Despair and Misery I am in, that I cannot have the happiness of seeing you again soon enough, as I wish. I am so far from being touched with the Rigor and Severity of any other Mistress, that the kindest and most sweet Treatments, the most charming Caresses, the most advantageous Favours, the fairest Promises, and all from the fairest and most agreeable Lady in the World, shall not be able to draw me off (but for one moment) from loving you.

you. Stifle then that vain and fruitless fear, never have it in your thought, that I shall quit you for any other. What is there in or about you, that is not most amiable? And what can be more charming than your Beauty? More sweet and pleasant than your Discourse and Entertainment? What more agreeable than your Conversation? More tender and affectionate than your Love? What more attractive than your Pleasures? What more affecting than your sight? More firm than your Promises? Or more fervent than your Zeal? After so many extraordinary Qualities and Perfections, can you harbour the least thought of  
 my

my being able to quit you, to make my self miserable in the slavery of some other Mistress? No, Madam, do not imagine I can be so inconstant. I have too much Love and Esteem for you, to use you at that rate. 'Tis true, I told you in confidence, that some time since I had once loved another Lady in *France* : But her Merit is nothing in value compar'd to yours, her Charms are but shadows to your Perfections. Her Discourse flat and insipid, her Conversation is nauseous to me, and to tell you all in a word, I am so distasted with her, that I never saw her since. To confirm this Truth to you, I will send you one of her Letters,

with



with her Picture. You may by them judge of her Beauty, Wit and Conduct. I believe you will not be jealous when you shall know all I tell you; and when I have the happiness to see you, I will entertain you with the Discourses I have had from her. I will be a Subject of much diversion to comfort you; and since you are interested so much in all that is dear to me, I'll bring you the Pictures of my Brother and Sister-in-Law. You are pleas'd to say, that at some Seasons, you think you could have humility enough to attend as Servant to the Woman I love. That thought is extremely obliging; but since you have so much kindness  
for

for me, I conjure you to employ that good service for your self. For you are the only Person I ever will adore and serve as long as I live. Be not perswaded that I use you ill, that I vilifie and despise you in any degree; Far be it from me to have any such thoughts. I am too well acquainted with your Merit, and have too much respect and zeal for you to be guilty of any such matter. You do me much wrong to be jealous of me, and to reproach me in this manner. I approve with much ardour, the most sweet Sentiments and happy Affections of your Soul; and intirely consecrate to you all the movements of my Heart.

I conjure you to write often to me. Your Letters are so dear to me, that I conserve them as the most precious things in the World ; you cannot make them large enough for me. Your Passion is so pleasing and agreeable to me, that I never have more joy, than when I see it pour-tray'd upon Paper. That gives you comfort and me also. And my unhappiness is, that I am not with you to give some respite to your Troubles. I know, 'tis a year now since you last gave me the most sweet and delightful Favours and kind effects of your Love. I shall with pleasure remember that happy day while I live. How delightful were the  
 Trans-

Transports? How sweet Emotions of Passion? What Ardour, Fire and Spirit? With what endearing kindness did you express your Love-form. What inconceivable pleasures did you make me partake of and enjoy? My Soul was like to flee away with the height of Joy and Pleasures it received. Your other Favours, and the sincerity wherewith you used to express all, have so charm'd me, that I could not leave you without an unparalled regret to undertake a Voyage, which has caused me infinite hazards and sufferings. When I think of those happy moments, wherein I enjoyed so many delights with you, I often call to mind that

that amiable modesty which appear'd so graceful in your charming Countenance. If any confusion happen'd to appear there, it serv'd only to heighten my Passion, and inflame me the more. I wish to God, the Officer you speak of had not left you so soon, I had had the satisfaction of being entertained longer with the sweet Pleasures of your Letters. Adieu ! If you had much ado to put an end to your Letter, I had an extreme regret and difficulty to close mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you ; I have too much tenderness for you to do it. I give you thanks with all my Heart for the Love you have for me, I conjure you to be-

believe I have an equal Passi-  
 on for you. Those Names of  
 tenderness which you would  
 have given me, how agreea-  
 ble would they have been, if  
 you had expressed them in  
 your Letter? But 'tis no great  
 matter ; it suffices that you  
 have them in your heart, since  
 you had not time to write  
 them. I give your dear Per-  
 son the like. I give my self up  
 wholly to you ; my Soul, my  
 Body, my Estate, my Ho-  
 nour, all depend of you, I  
 make a Sacrifice to you of all  
 that is dear to me : How I love  
 you ! How I esteem ! How I  
 adore you ! What Transports  
 of love, what affectionate  
 movements have I for you ! O  
 how dear you are to me ! How  
 cruel

cruel Fortune is to remove me to this distance from you! What Compassion do you move me to! What unhappiness do you occasion me! Compassion for all the tender kind Sentiments you have for me, and unhappiness because I cannot make a Reciprocal return of the kindness you have for me, nearer to you, and by being present with you. What Respects, what Submissions, what affectionate tenderneesses would I not shew you! How sincere a Soul, how open and clear a Heart should you find! O what joy, what pleasures, what satisfaction, what consolation should we not mutually receive and enjoy? Adieu! Write more largely

largely to me for the future.  
I take infinite pleasure in the  
sweetness of your Letters, A-  
dieu. Comfort your self, I  
shall have the good Fortune  
to see you shortly, and give  
you all assurance of the Fide-  
lity and Constancy of my  
Love. Adieu. Have some  
pity for me.

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Th

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*The Fifth Letter.*

**H**OW rigorously and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me! Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindness have I done you? What assurance have you that I love you no longer. My Passion for you is at this time greater and more Ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you — with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw my self at your feet. I con-  
E jure

jure you to continue your  
 Friendship for me, and to con-  
 serve those pledges of my  
 Love I left with you. Do  
 not give them away, nor shew  
 them to any one. Have my  
 Picture always before your  
 Eyes, consider it attentively;  
 wear those Bracelets for my  
 sake ; send them not back to  
 me, and employ not *Dona*  
*Brites*, who was our Confi-  
 dent, and privy to our great-  
 est, our sweetest secrets, to  
 give me so grievous a trouble.  
 Let not your Despair trans-  
 port you thus, to be so much  
 my Enemy : Moderate your  
 Hatred. I am innocent of a-  
 ny thing you charge me with.  
 Burn not those precious Pled-  
 ges you have of mine : But if  
 you


you will consume them, let it be with the Fire of your Love. Do not persecute me with so much hatred; 'tis a sort of Cruelty and Impotence your great Soul was never guilty of. Love is a Virtue so dear to you, that you cannot be unconstant; and you have too much Generosity to treat me ill. Whence then comes this Rigor. Have not I subjected my self to you, even to the last breath of my Life? What reason have you to become my Enemy? What have I done to you? What satisfaction can you desire of one that never has offended you, and though I were never so innocent, I am willing to appear culpable, because you

wish to have me so. But of  
 what Crime do you accuse me?  
 Are you inflexible towards  
 me? Who make it my glory,  
 to sacrifice my all entirely to  
 you. But miserable that I  
 am! What do I say? What  
 means shall I use to appease  
 you? You are so incensed a-  
 gainst me, that I know not  
 what will come of it? What  
 shall I do? Who shall I ap-  
 ply my self to? Who shall  
 make my Peace with you,  
 now I am absent from you?  
 Who shall assure you of my  
 Constancy, since you are per-  
 swaded to the contrary? And  
 to remove this Aversion from  
 your Heart, I conjure you  
 often to remember the delici-  
ous pleasures we have enjoy-  
 ed

ed together, and the Pledges  
 and Assurances I have given  
 you, that I never will abandon  
 you. Do you and Dona  
Brites frequently entertain  
 one another with the remem-  
 brances of those sweetneses  
 and delights. Comfort ye one  
 the other. Consider the ex-  
 cess of my Passion and your  
 own. ~~Bethink you of all those~~  
~~and Violences~~ you  
 speak of. Oppose with all your  
 might, those Inclinations you  
 seem to have of forsaking me;  
 and be convinced you will  
 find inducements infinitely  
 more agreeable and just, to  
 continue your Love for me  
 constantly for ever, than ever  
 you will find to forsake me.  
Wherefore would you de-  
 E 3                    stroy

stroy a Lover so constant and  
 faithful, who has been but late-  
 ly so dear to you, one you  
 have loved with so much ten-  
 derness, a Lover, who has been  
 the sweetest, most delightful  
 Object of your Passion, whom  
 you have often given so ear-  
 nest and endearing Testimo-  
 nies of it. A Lover you have  
~~embraced with so much Ar-~~  
 dour and earnestness of ~~affec-~~  
 ction, and one who by all  
 sorts of Caresses has done you  
 right, in returning your Love  
 with the utmost height of  
 Passion. Love has too well  
 united our Hearts; and though  
 you endeavour it, I do not  
 believe you will be able to o-  
 vercome so strong and so a-  
 greeable a Passion. Your man-  
 ner

ner of writing thus, is only to make tryal of me. Or if you are real in it, your Hatred and Rigor are so ill founded and groundless, that they cannot last long. Accuse me not of indifference towards you, or shewing any sort of Contempt of you, I dare invoke Heaven to witness the Esteem and constant Passion I have always had for you. If I have by my Letters made Protestations of Friendship for you, I did so with veritable respects and submission, suitable to the reality of my Passion. You would believe so, if you had received all I writ to you, and would be fully perswaded of the contrary, of what you have now written to me, I be-

believe your Relations and your Abbess (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correspondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters in the room of the Answers I sent to all the Letters I received from you, with so much joy and pleasure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of some such Accident.  I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in Portugal. After this Promise I have made you of seeing you again very speedily, I conjure you to become your self again, and let your Love surmount your Hatred. If you are convinced of your doubts, you must needs be satisfied of the Esteem, Respects



spect and Love I have for you.  
 I never had so great inclinati-  
 on to any thing, as to love, to  
 serve, and to adore you. If I  
 could have been so ingrateful  
 as to quit you after all your fa-  
 vours to me, I should have gi-  
 ven you some Proof of my in-  
 clination to it before I left you,  
 either by dropping some odd  
 words by some indifference or  
 coldness towards you, to make  
 you understand it, or I should  
 have dealt with *Dona Brites*,  
 or some other Confident to  
 have obliged you not to write  
 to me. Or I should have en-  
 deavoured to undeceive you  
 by not sending any Answers  
 to your Letters. Or by some  
 specious Pretexts. I would have  
 pretended, I was obliged to

continue in *France*, so as never to be able to come and see you again. Have I ever used any such finesses as these? Have I ever deceived you by my discourses? Have you ever found any coldness or indifference in me? Have I ever dealt with any body to endeavour to divert your Passion from me? Have not you frequently written to me, and have I not as often answered you? Have I sought out occasion to stay in *France* without you? Have I said, I never would return into *Portugal*? Have I ever given you any ground of displeasure toward me? Have I not with all sincerity discovered to you the real sentiments of my Soul? Have I ever fail'd to  
pay

pay you all sorts of Civility  
 and Respect, or been any way  
 wanting in my Love? Why  
 then do you make these Com-  
 plaints? What do you accuse  
 me of? And what have I done  
 to you, — that you should be  
 thus cruel to me? Disabuse  
 your self (Madam) at length,  
 and do not believe I can ever  
 be so unworthy as to quit you.  
 Do not render me so ill a man,  
 guilty of such ill Qualities as  
 you speak of, and do me right  
 to believe me worthy of all  
 the kind Passions and sweet  
 Habits of love your Soul is  
 possess'd with for me. Never  
 believe that I can give you a-  
 ny occasion to forget me. The  
 favour you desire of me serves  
 at the same time, both to af-  
 flict

slict and inflame my Passion  
 the more. 'Tis true, I was ex-  
 tremely troubled when I read  
 your Letter. But the Cause  
 was your Reproaches, your  
 Menaces, your scorn of me,  
 and your very unkind Treat-  
 ment of me every way ; toge-  
 ther with the Despair you  
 thereby threw me into. Bate-  
 ing these Regrets : Ah ! How  
 much joy ; what contentment,  
 what ravishing satisfaction  
 should I not have in hearing  
 from you. Well ! Notwith-  
 x standing all this Rigour you  
 treat me with, I will still com-  
 fort myself with the Hope of  
 pacifying your Choler. I will  
 patiently bear your Contempt  
 and Anger, till your Reason  
 shall one day bring a calm into  
 your

your Soul, and make you acknowledge ( when I shall be with you ) that you have wrong'd an innocent. Why do you write to me that I should not concern my self with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right, or is more interested to take care of you than my self? Do you Question my Discretion? Do not you know how far I have been interested in all your Concernments? How I have partaked in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wise, that you manage your Affairs with all prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemish or reproach. If I have inform'd my self of your Actions, 'twas only that I might

might have occasion to admire the wisdom of your Counsels, the Prudence of your Conduct, and your happy Address in all you undertake, which you succeed in with a Facility so marvelous, that 'tis equally surprizing and wonderful. Yet when I consider how you are choak'd, I could find in my heart, to disengage my self. But what can I do more, to render my self better in your Opinion? To make you more favourable to my Passion, and continue your tenderness for me. Command me, and I am ready to satisfy you, in order rather to the removing the evils you endure than to terminate my own. I am pleased to suffer all that comes from you : Your most

most severe Rigors are no other than Charms to me. I am extreamly obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have received from you ; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more sprightful and lively. I am content to suffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live satisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having express'd so great an Aversion to me, you afterwards profess you do not hate me, which is very obliging : But I must take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Justice in continuing your Passion for me,

me, as formerly having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I will not say, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my self, but I am certain, you never will find one so faithful and constant as I am. Your Passion predominates altogether over me; it has inflamed, has taken full possession of me, as of you; holds me altogether a slave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witness of all this your self, because you confess, one cannot forget that which causes all the violent  
 \* Transports one is capable of, that all the Affections and Movements of the Heart, tend to the closing with, and enjoying the Object beloved,  
 that



that the first Ideas and Impressions cannot be effaced, that the first wounds are incurable, that all sorts of Passions, all the most luscious and delightful Pleasures a man can without any check or obstruction find out, are vain and insufficient, to withdraw a man from that he loves most, and serve to make one acknowledg, that nothing is dearer or more sweet, than the remembrance of the Sufferings undergone upon the Account of ones Love.

That such Expressions are sweet in the Mouth of a faithful Mistress; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in despair? Ah! How they comfort me, how they

they give me assurance, that I still am lodged within your Heart, since I find your Sentiments for me are still so full of tenderness and sweetness. But why should not I hope yet to be more in your Favour, since you must know that my Affection is most sincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been misled or seduced, and that you have settled your Affection upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the days of his Life.

I know very well (Madam) you have so much sweetness and Compassion, that you would not bring either my self, or any body else into the deplorable condition you say you are re-  
duced

duced to. That unwillingness X  
in you is a certain sign of your  
good Nature. I conjure you,  
to believe that it is as well my  
Inclination also ; and that if  
you suffer; I have not in any  
manner contributed to it.

Take no pains in endea-  
vouring to find out Excuses  
for me, upon that score you do.  
I am not guilty at all of what  
you accuse me. I am of the be-  
lief, that a Nun so perfect as  
you are, must be infinitely  
lovely : The Reasons you give  
to make out, that Beauties un-  
der such confinement, merit  
more of our esteem & love, than  
those abroad in the World are  
most powerful and convincing.  
But without further Regard  
to the fair demonstrations you  
lay

lay before us I tell you in  
 few words, that in loving you,  
 I had no other consideration  
 then for your own proper Me-  
 rit. The manner of proceeding  
 Ladies abroad in the World  
 use, I do by no means like. They  
 are for the most part fickle,  
 and given to change; they  
 cannot confine their Affection  
 to one place, and when they  
 love, 'tis not without Diffimul-  
 lation, or 'tis for Complaisance  
 or for Interest. The Rigor they  
 use, the Scorn, the Difficulty,  
 the several sorts of Tricks, the  
 Diffimulations give their Lo-  
 vers a hundred times more  
 Trouble and Anxieties, than  
 Pleasure or Joy. I know you  
 alledge not these Reasons to  
 make your self beloved. You  
 have

have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the most stubborn Hearts, and your Charms are so powerful as none can resist. Your Beauty, Constancy, Fidelity and Sweetness of Disposition, make all that have the honour to know you, to admire, serve and adore you. All other Beauties are nothing in comparison to you; and I dare affirm it to be a high Crime to imprison within a narrow Convent, a Person of your excellent Accomplishments. If you are unhappy, it is by reason of your Captivity there, which you may free your self of whenever you please. Your apprehension was groundless, because I could not see you every

ry

ry day, that I proved unfaithful to you. Do not you know it was neither in my power, nor in yours, that we should see one the other often, by reason of your being kept close up, and of the danger I incurr'd if I came within your Monastery. If I left you to go to the Army; I had first your own consent to it. And nothing but your worth only could ever have kept me from it. If you had commanded me to stay, I had with all my Heart quitted the service of my Prince, and had wholly engaged my self in yours only, without fearing either the displeasure of your Relations, or the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey. I never fail'd to give you proof  
suffici-

sufficient of my Passion, while  
 I was in *Portugal* : if my Let-  
 ters came not safe to you, I  
 was not to blame, and could  
 not help it. I should have been  
 extreamly troubled, if you had  
 left the Convent to have come  
 and found me out in *France* ;  
 not but that I should have been  
 overjoyed to have embraced  
 you in that fair Country ; But  
 for the Peril you had by such X  
 an enterprize exposed your  
 self to, and the Fatigue you  
 had undergone by such a Jour-  
 ney. If you are of the mind to  
 hold that design still, I can tell  
 the means to make it succeed  
 to your wish, when I shall be  
 happy to see and speak with  
 you. I venture to write thus  
 freely to you, since your Ab-  
 bess

best and Relations are acquainted with our intrigue. In the mean time, the moderateness of your Love, your coldness, contempt, and your so sudden change give me so great trouble, that I am in the depth of Despair : Well ! 'Tis no great matter, I give my self comfort still, and am perswaded, your native Sweetness and Love will predominate, and am assured, and that as soon as ever you receive this Letter, or see me but one moment, you will change your Resolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greatest Obligations to you of any Person living, you have loved me to extremity of Passion, to death you have for my sake sacrificed your Honour,

and



and your Life to the hatred and scorn of your Parents, and to the severity of your Religion, and the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey, what acknowledgments do not I owe for a Passion so great and excessive? Do you believe it is possible for me to forget you, or to quit you after so great Proofs of your Love? Madam, you would have had reason to complain of me, if I had proved so ungrateful, as not to have answered your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal Testimony of my Love, and that with the same Ardour you express'd towards me: That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the most ungrateful Lover in the World; on the other side, God is my Witness, I

always persevered to adore you,  
 and to love you much better  
 than I love my self. I never want-  
 ed either Respect or Love for  
 you when I writ to you, I al-  
 ways did it with all the Ardour  
 and Civility possible : I have gi-  
 ven you proofs of a Passion, the  
 most perfect and excessive that  
 any man could have for the most  
 lovely and accomplish'd Person  
 in the World. In this state, and  
 with those Sentiments I always  
 persevere : What can I do more?  
 What can you desire more of  
 me? I have made an intire Sa-  
 crifice to you of all that I am,  
 and of all that belongs to me. I  
 am ready to abandon all for you,  
 to undertake a tedious Voyage,  
 to pass the Seas, and to expose  
 my Life to the mercy of the  
 Waves, to come and find you  
 out,

out, even at your Monastery. There's nothing more remains after so great Testimonies of my Passion (If I shall be so happy as to survive all these Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of my self to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happiness of seeing you, I will throw my self at your Feet (how guiltless and innocent soever I am of all you accused me) as a Victim to the heat of your Courroux and Fury, without the least resistance to your Will and Pleasure. All these Proofs of my Passion for you are (methinks) far from being the Effects of that natural Aversion you believe I have for you; so far that I love you infinitely, you are infinitely dear to me, and I am wholly yours, and at your Devotion. I

know well enough, I have no Qualifications fit to recommend me to, or in any degree to merit your Love, but that of a faithful Lover; though in that point you seem to do me the injury to distrust me. You demand of me what I have ever done to oblige or please you, what Sacrifice I have made you, and if I had not always a greater regard to my own pleasure and satisfaction than to yours. And now in answer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obey'd you in all things you had a mind to, or would have me? If I have not sacrificed my all to you, all that I am, and all that I have? Or if I have sought after any other pleasures, than those you were pleased to allow. If I gamed, or went a hunting, did

did not you approve of these Recreations? When I went to the Army, did not you consent and give me free leave? If I was one of the last in leaving it, I was detain'd by force. If I exposed my self to the danger of Shot, I did it with all the Prudence and Caution I could possible; but always with a due regard to my Honour, that I might become the more worthy of you, and your Favour. And if upon my return into *Portugal*, I did not settle my self there, 'twas because I found not an occasion favourable enough for our Love. 'Tis true, a Letter from my Brother made me leave that Countrey, but 'twas upon an occasion so urgent, as would not admit of any delay. Your self agreed to it also; and if you had com-

manded me to have put off my  
 Voyage, and to have staid with  
 you, I would have obey'd you.  
 I thought I should have dyed by  
 the way for grief and longing  
 for you: And if I strove with my  
 Melancholy, and cherish'd my  
 self a little, it was only with de-  
 sign to preserve my self for you.  
 After all this, what should I  
 have done? What Reason have  
 you to hate me mortally, as you  
 do, except what proceeds from  
 your own vain imagination:  
 What misfortunes have you  
 drawn upon your self, but such  
 as your own wilfulness has occa-  
 sioned? If you bestowed your  
 Love upon me with great Passi-  
 on and Faithfulness, I never did  
 abuse it, but on the contrary,  
 took all Care to make a right use  
 of it, and to render you the like  
 with

with all Fidelity. You say, you never used Artifice towards me. Have not I been as sincere towards you? You say, there must be means used with skill and good address to create Affection. Did I ever oppose your Passion? And why are you not of Opinion, that your Love created Love in me, since the true sympathetick secret is, to love, is to make one be beloved?

You tell me, that I would have you Love me; I confess it, but before ever I had any such delight, you loved me; for you have owned to me, that you were in Love with me, before ever I gave you Reason to believe I loved you. If without your consent, I gave my self up to your Love; had I not abundant Reason, since I could find

nothing in you but what was amiable. 'Tis true, I believed you of a Complexion amorous enough, however I loved you nothing the less for that, it rather raised my Passion to the highest degree : Therefore I could never be perfidious towards you. I never deceived you. I do not fear your menaces, and am perswaded, that when you shall have considered my Reasons, you will be more just, than to deliver up your Lover (who is innocent) to the Vengeance of your Relations. If you think you have lived in a state of Desertion, and Idolatry in loving me, can you think I have not done the same in loving you? The difference between us is but in three points; to wit, // That you are changed, and I am con-



constant, that you repent you e-  
 ver loved me, which I do not  
 for my loving you; That you  
 are ashamed of your Passion,  
 which you would have pass for  
 a Crime: And I cannot be asha-  
 med of mine, for I am certain,  
 'tis an excellent Virtue to be in  
 love. The violence of your Pas-  
 sion has not hindred you to dis-  
 cover the Enormities of it, for  
 there are none. Wherefore then  
 is your heart thus torn and divi-  
 ded? What Oppression is it that  
 thus torments you? I am no way  
 the Occasion of all these troubles  
 to you. I always loved you and  
 served you faithfully. Nor have  
 you Reason to wish me harm,  
 but to resolve to let me live hap-  
 py; which with much ease I  
 may if you please to allow it;  
 for I never wanted generosity  
 to-

towards you. I hope you will make no difficulty of writing another Letter to me, to let me know you are in a more settled quiet state of mind; but I shall be arrived in *Portugal* before that, where my presence will bring you the Tranquility you wish for, and will undeceive you, as to the unjust proceedings you ~~believe~~ me guilty of, and for which you reproach me. Then instead of Scorn you will give me Praises, instead of accusing me of Falshood, you will own my Fidelity, and instead of forgetting your Pleasures, you will have them in your thoughts and designments continually. And I know I shall be more in your mind and favour, than ever I yet have been. If you believe I have any advantage over you by knowing

knowing how to make you  
 love me, believe it, I am not at  
 all vain, I know I owe that good  
 Fortune, neither to your Youth  
 nor your Credulity, nor to the  
 Commendations you please to  
 give me, no, nor to any of those  
 Reasons you alledge; but to  
 your sole Bounty. Though all  
 People spoke well to you of me,  
 and your self commend me, yet  
 I never had the Temerity or Ar-  
 rogance to attribute it to my  
 own Merit. All I have done has  
 not been (as by way of Filtre)  
 to deceive you; but really to  
 give you my faithful honest  
 Love; for I have always had a  
 generous Passion for you. I con-  
 jure you to preserve all my Let-  
 ters, and to read them often for  
 the establishing your Love; but  
 not to withdraw it. 'Tis a hap-  
 piness

piness to me, and pleasure incomparable to be beloved by a Person so perfect and accomplish'd as you are. I beseech you to believe that I will love and adore you in this manner for my whole Life. Forget the reproaches you are forward to revile me with. You will find the contrary when you see me in *Portugal*, and will then choose rather to remember than forget me. And resolve to persevere always in your Love, for I shall disabuse you of that false belief you have concerning me. Adieu! I conjure you once more, never to quit me, but incessantly to think of the Ardent Passion I have for you. And write no more to me; possibly your Letters, while I am in my Voyage, may not come safe home. Adieu! I will give you an exact account of all my Movements, you shall give me the same of yours, when I shall have the happiness to see you. Adieu.

FINIS.

*A Catalogue of Playes, Printed  
for R. Bently and  
M. Magnes.*

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Puritan.*

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E R-

# ERRATA.

Pa.	line	pro	read.
I	4	Del	de C.
12	7	he knew,	to know.
13	22	you could,	I could.
14	1	yours,	your self.
19	13	poor death,	a thousand deaths.
21	7	dele have.	
21	8	dele have.	
25	18	your Religion,	to your Religion.
25	20	to love,	only to love.
31	10	dele and	
35	14		Acquisition.
54	2	Kings,	King.
60	6	dele of them.	
65	9	I,	It.
68	5	love-form,	love for me.
86	10	choaked,	shocked.



*Del. Cavalier*  
**FIVE**  
**Love-Letters**  
Written by a  
**CAVALIER,**  
in Answer to the  
**Five Love - Letters**  
Written to him  
**BY A**  
**NUN.**

---

**L O N D O N,**  
Printed for R. Bentley, and M. Magnes  
at the Post-House in Russel-street,  
near the Piazza in Covent-  
Garden. 1683.

FIVE

Love-Letters

Written by a

Cavalier

in Answer to the

Five Love-Letters

Written to him

BY A

Man

JOHN DODGE

Printed for J. DODGE and W. YOUNG  
at the Book Store in the City of New York  
near the Theatre Royal  
GODDARD 1733

( 1 )

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THE  
ANSWERS  
OF THE  
Chevalier *DE L.*

To the Letters of Gallantry,  
from a Nun in *Portugal.*

---

*The First Letter.*

---

**I** Confess, you express the  
Passion you have for me,  
in terms so sweet and en-  
dearing, that I should be the  
**B** most



most insensate thing in the World, not to be touched to the Quick ; the Testimonies you gave me of your love the first time I had the Honour to see you, were Marks too plain and certain for me, not to be fully convinced of it : It may be needless for me to repeat them by Resentments so expressive of your Tenderness, that will but afflict a poor miserable Lover, who thinks of nothing but you, who neither breaths nor sees (one moment of his Life) but for you. You are the most sweet delightful Idea of his Imagination, which continually flatters and pleases my Soul and Senses. I sleep neither Night nor Day; or if it happen, that Sleep close my  
Eyes

Eyes but for one moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by representing you to my Imagination in some pleasant Dreams: Ah! I would to God that those happy Amorous Dreams had either never come into my Fancy, or, that they would continue always with me when awake. But what (unfortunate that I am) do I say! Ah! I betray my Passion, I reprove my self, I am pleased with my Sufferings, I find it pleasant to suffer for the most *Lovely Object*, the most charming Person in the World. These are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and you have always appear'd such to me from the first moment I had the happiness to see you, and to con-

Transports? How sweet Emo-  
 tions of Passion? What Ar-  
 dour, Fire and Spirit? With  
 what endearing kindness did  
 you express your Love-form.  
 What inconceivable plea-  
 sures did you make me par-  
 take of and enjoy? My Soul  
 was like to flee away with the  
 height of Joy and Pleasures it  
 received. Your other Fa-  
 vours, and the sincerity where-  
 with you used to express all,  
 have so charm'd me, that I  
 could not leave you without  
 an unparalled regret to un-  
 dertake a Voyage, which has  
 caused me infinite hazards and  
 sufferings. When I think of  
 those happy moments, where-  
 in I enjoyed so many delights  
 with you, I often call to mind  
 that

that amiable modesty which appear'd so graceful in your charming Countenance. If any confusion happen'd to appear there, it serv'd only to heighten my Passion, and inflame me the more. I wish to God, the Officer you speak of had not left you so soon, I had had the satisfaction of being entertained longer with the sweet Pleasures of your Letters. Adieu ! If you had much ado to put an end to your Letter, I had an extreme regret and difficulty to close mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you ; I have too much tenderness for you to do it. I give you thanks with all my Heart for the Love you have for me, I conjure you to be-

believe I have an equal Passi-  
 on for you. Those Names of  
 tenderness which you would  
 have given me, how agreea-  
 ble would they have been, if  
 you had expressed them in  
 your Letter? But 'tis no great  
 matter ; it suffices that you  
 have them in your heart, since  
 you had not time to write  
 them. I give your dear Per-  
 son the like. I give my self up  
 wholly to you ; my Soul, my  
 Body, my Estate, my Ho-  
 nour, all depend of you, I  
 make a Sacrifice to you of all  
 that is dear to me : How I love  
 you ! How I esteem ! How I  
 adore you ! What Transports  
 of love, what affectionate  
 movements have I for you ! O  
 how dear you are to me ! How  
 cruel

cruel Fortune is to remove me  
 to this distance from you!  
 What Compassion do you  
 move me to! What unhappi-  
 ness do you occasion me!  
 Compassion for all the tender  
 kind Sentiments you have for  
 me, and unhappiness because  
 I cannot make a Reciprocal  
 return of the kindness you  
 have for me, nearer to you,  
 and by being present with  
 you. What Respects, what  
 Submissions, what affectionate  
 tenderneſſes would I not  
 ſhew you! How ſincere a Soul,  
 how open and clear a Heart  
 ſhould you find! O what joy,  
 what pleasures, what ſatisfa-  
 ction, what conſolation ſhould  
 we not mutually receive and  
 enjoy? Adieu! Write more  
 largely

largely to me for the future.  
 I take infinite pleasure in the  
 sweetness of your Letters, A-  
 dieu. Comfort your self, I  
 shall have the good Fortune  
 to see you shortly, and give  
 you all assurance of the Fide-  
 lity and Constancy of my  
 Love. Adieu. Have some  
 pity for me.

---

The

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*The Fifth Letter.*

**H**OW rigorously and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me! Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindness have I done you? What assurance have you that I love you no longer. My Passion for you is at this time greater and more Ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw my self at your feet. I con-

E

jure



Jure you to continue your  
 Friendship for me, and to con-  
 serve those pledges of my  
 Love I left with you. Do  
 not give them away, nor shew  
 them to any one. Have my  
 Picture always before your  
 Eyes, consider it attentively;  
 wear those Bracelets for my  
 sake; send them not back to  
 me, and employ not *Dona*  
*Brites*, who was our Confi-  
 dent, and privy to our great-  
 est, our sweetest secrets, to  
 give me so grievous a trouble.  
 Let not your Despair trans-  
 port you thus, to be so much  
 my Enemy: Moderate your  
 Hatred. I am innocent of a-  
 ny thing you charge me with.  
 Burn not those precious Pled-  
 ges you have of mine: But if  
 you

you will consume them, let it be with the Fire of your Love. Do not persecute me with so much hatred; 'tis a sort of Cruelty and Impotence your great Soul was never guilty of. Love is a Virtue so dear to you, that you cannot be unconstant; and you have too much Generosity to treat me ill. Whence then comes this Rigor. Have not I subjected my self to you, even to the last breath of my Life? What reason have you to become my Enemy? What have I done to you? What satisfaction can you desire of one that never has offended you, and though I were never so innocent, I am willing to appear culpable, because you

wish to have me so. But of what Crime do you accuse me? Are you inflexible towards me? Who make it my glory, to sacrifice my all entirely to you. But miserable that I am! What do I say? What means shall I use to appease you? You are so incensed against me, that I know not what will come of it? What shall I do? Who shall I apply my self to? Who shall make my Peace with you, now I am absent from you? Who shall assure you of my Constancy, since you are persuaded to the contrary? And to remove this Aversion from your Heart, I conjure you often to remember the delicious pleasures we have enjoyed

ed together, and the Pledges and Assurances I have given you, that I never will abandon you. Do you and *Dona Brites* frequently entertain one another with the remembrances of those sweetneses and delights. Comfort ye one the other. Consider the excess of my Passion and your own. Bethink you of all those Difficulties and Violences you speak of. Oppose with all your might, those Inclinations you seem to have of forsaking me; and be convinced you will find inducements infinitely more agreeable and just, to continue your Love for me constantly for ever, than ever you will find to forsake me. Wherefore would you de-

stroy a Lover so constant and faithful, who has been but lately so dear to you, one you have loved with so much tenderness, a Lover, who has been the sweetest, most delightful Object of your Passion, whom you have often given so earnest and endearing Testimonies of it. A Lover you have embraced with so much Ardour and earnestness of Affection, and one who by all sorts of Caresses has done you right, in returning your Love with the utmost height of Passion. Love has too well united our Hearts; and though you endeavour it, I do not believe you will be able to overcome so strong and so agreeable a Passion. Your manner

ner of writing thus, is only to  
 make tryal of me. Or if you  
 are real in it, your Hatred  
 and Rigor are so ill founded  
 and groundless, that they can-  
 not last long. Accuse me not  
 of indifference towards you,  
 or shewing any sort of Con-  
 tempt of you, I dare invoke  
 Heaven to witness the Esteem  
 and constant Passion I have  
 always had for you. If I have  
 by my Letters made Protesta-  
 tions of Friendship for you,  
 I did so with veritable respects  
 and submission, suitable to  
 the reality of my Passion. You  
 would believe so, if you had  
 received all I writ to you, and  
 would be fully perswaded of  
 the contrary, of what you  
 have now written to me, I  
 be-

believe your Relations and your Abbess (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correspondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters in the room of the Answers I sent to all the Letters I received from you, with so much joy and pleasure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of some such Accident. I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in *Portugal*. After this Promise I have made you of seeing you again very speedily, I conjure you to become your self again, and let your Love surmount your Hatred. If you are convinced of your doubts, you must needs be satisfied of the Esteem, Respects

spect and Love I have for you. I never had so great inclination to any thing, as to love, to serve, and to adore you. If I could have been so ingrateful as to quit you after all your favours to me, I should have given you some Proof of my inclination to it before I left you, either by dropping some odd words by some indifference or coldness towards you, to make you understand it, or I should have dealt with *Dona Brites*, or some other Confident to have obliged you not to write to me. Or I should have endeavoured to undeceive you by not sending any Answers to your Letters. Or by some specious Pretexts. I would have pretended, I was obliged to



continué in *France*, so as never  
 to be able to come and see you  
 again. Have I ever used any  
 such finesses as these? Have I  
 ever deceived you by my dis-  
 courses? Have you ever found  
 any coldness or indifference in  
 me? Have I ever dealt with  
 any body to endeavour to di-  
 vert your Passion from me?  
 Have not you frequently writ-  
 ten to me, and have I not as  
 often answered you? Have I  
 sought out occasion to stay in  
*France* without you? Have I  
 said, I never would return in-  
 to *Portugal*? Have I ever gi-  
 ven you any ground of displea-  
 sure toward me? Have I not  
 with all sincerity discovered  
 to you the real sentiments of  
 my Soul? Have I ever fail'd to  
 pay

pay you all sorts of Civility  
 and Respect, or been any way  
 wanting in my Love? Why  
 then do you make these Com-  
 plaints? What do you accuse  
 me of? And what have I done  
 to you, that you should be  
 thus cruel to me? Disabuse  
 your self (Madam) at length,  
 and do not believe I can ever  
 be so unworthy as to quit you.  
 Do not render me so ill a man,  
 guilty of such ill Qualities as  
 you speak of, and do me right  
 to believe me worthy of all  
 the kind Passions and sweet  
 Habits of love your Soul is  
 possess'd with for me. Never  
 believe that I can give you a-  
 ny occasion to forget me. The  
 favour you desire of me serves  
 at the same time, both to af-  
 flict

flit and inflame my Passion  
 the more. 'Tis true, I was ex-  
 tremely troubled when I read  
 your Letter. But the Cause  
 was your Reproaches, your  
 Menaces, your scorn of me,  
 and your very unkind Treat-  
 ment of me every way ; toge-  
 ther with the Despair you  
 thereby threw me into. Bate-  
 ing these Regrets : Ah ! How  
 much joy ; what contentment,  
 what ravishing satisfaction  
 should I not have in hearing  
 from you. Well ! Notwith-  
 standing all this Rigour you  
 treat me with, I will still com-  
 fort myself with the Hope of  
 pacifying your Choler. I will  
 patiently bear your Contempt  
 and Anger, till your Reason  
 shall one day bring a calm into  
 your

your Soul, and make you acknowledged ( when I shall be with you ) that you have wrong'd an innocent. Why do you write to me that I should not concern my self with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right, or is more interested to take care of you than my self? Do you Question my Discretion? Do not you know how far I have been interested in all your Concernments? How I have partaked in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wise, that you manage your Affairs with all prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemish or reproach. If I have inform'd my self of your Actions, 'twas only that I might

might have occasion to admire the wisdom of your Counsels, the Prudence of your Conduct, and your happy Address in all you undertake, which you succeed in with a Facility so marvelous, that 'tis equally surprizing and wonderful. Yet when I consider how you are choak'd, I could find in my heart, to disengage my self. But what can I do more, to render my self better in your Opinion? To make you more favourable to my Passion, and continue your tenderness for me. Command me, and I am ready to satisfy you, in order rather to the removing the evils you endure than to terminate my own. I am pleased to suffer all that comes from you : Your  
most

most severe Rigors are no other than Charms to me. I am extreamly obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have received from you ; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more sprightful and lively. I am content to suffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live satisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having express'd so great an Aversion to me, you afterwards profess you do not hate me, which is very obliging : But I must take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Justice in continuing your Passion for me,

me, as formerly having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I will not say, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my self, but I am certain, you never will find one so faithful and constant as I am. Your Passion predominates altogether over me; it has inflamed, has taken full possession of me, as of you; holds me altogether a slave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witness of all this your self, because you confess, one cannot forget that which causes all the violent Transports one is capable of, that all the Affections and Movements of the Heart, tend to the closing with, and enjoying the Object beloved,

that

that the first Ideas and Impressions cannot be effaced, that the first wounds are incurable, that all sorts of Passions, all the most luscious and delightful Pleasures a man can without any check or obstruction find out, are vain and insufficient, to withdraw a man from that he loves most, and serve to make one acknowledg, that nothing is dearer or more sweet, than the remembrance of the Sufferings undergone upon the Account of ones Love. That such Expressions are sweet in the Mouth of a faithful Mistress; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in despair? Ah! How they comfort me, how they



they give me assurance, that I still am lodged within your Heart, since I find your Sentiments for me are still so full of tenderness and sweetness. But why should not I hope yet to be more in your Favour, since you must know that my Affection is most sincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been misled or seduced, and that you have settled your Affection upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the days of his Life.

I know very well (Madam) you have so much sweetness and Compassion, that you would not bring either my self, or any body else into the deplorable condition you say you are reduced

duced to. That unwillingness in you is a certain sign of your good Nature. I conjure you, to believe that it is as well my Inclination also ; and that if you suffer, I have not in any manner contributed to it.

Take no pains in endeavouring to find out Excuses for me, upon that score you do. I am not guilty at all of what you accuse me. I am of the belief, that a Nun so perfect as you are, must be infinitely lovely : The Reasons you give to make out, that Beauties under such confinement, merit more of our esteem & love, than those abroad in the World are most powerful and convincing. But without further Regard to the fair demonstrations you lay

lay before us. I tell you in few words, that in loving you, I had no other consideration then for your own proper Merit. The manner of proceeding Ladies abroad in the World use, I do by no means like. They are for the most part fickle, and given to change; they cannot confine their Affection to one place, and when they love, 'tis not without Dissimulation, or 'tis for Complaisance or for Interest. The Rigor they use, the Scorn, the Difficulty, the several sorts of Tricks, the Dissimulations give their Lovers a hundred times more Trouble and Anxieties, than Pleasure or Joy. I know you alledge not these Reasons to make your self beloved. You have

have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the most stubborn Hearts, and your Charms are so powerful as none can resist. Your Beauty, Constancy, Fidelity and Sweetness of Disposition, make all that have the honour to know you, to admire, serve and adore you. All other Beauties are nothing in comparison to you; and I dare affirm it to be a high Crime to imprison within a narrow Convent, a Person of your excellent Accomplishments. If you are unhappy, it is by reason of your Captivity there, which you may free your self of whenever you please. Your apprehension was groundless, because I could not see you every

ry

ry day, that I proved unfaithful to you. Do not you know it was neither in my power, nor in yours, that we should see one the other often, by reason of your being kept close up, and of the danger I incurr'd if I came within your Monastery. If I left you to go to the Army; I had first your own consent to it. And nothing but your worth only could ever have kept me from it. If you had commanded me to stay, I had with all my Heart quitted the service of my Prince, and had wholly engaged my self in yours only, without fearing either the displeasure of your Relations, or the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey. I never fail'd to give you proof  
suffici-

sufficient of my Passion, while  
 I was in *Portugal* : if my Let-  
 ters came not safe to you, I  
 was not to blame, and could  
 not help it. I should have been  
 extremely troubled, if you had  
 left the Convent to have come  
 and found me out in *France* ;  
 not but that I should have been  
 overjoyed to have embraced  
 you in that fair Country ; But  
 for the Peril you had by such  
 an enterprize exposed your  
 self to, and the Fatigue you  
 had undergone by such a Jour-  
 ney. If you are of the mind to  
 hold that design still, I can tell  
 the means to make it succeed  
 to your wish, when I shall be  
 happy to see and speak with  
 you. I venture to write thus  
 freely to you, since your Ab-  
 bess

best and Relations are acquainted with our intrigue. In the mean time, the moderateness of your Love, your coldness, contempt, and your so sudden change give me so great trouble, that I am in the depth of Despair: Well! 'Tis no great matter, I give my self comfort still, and am perswaded, your native Sweetness and Love will predominate, and am assured, and that as soon as ever you receive this Letter, or see me but one moment, you will change your Resolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greatest Obligations to you of any Person living, you have loved me to extremity of Passion, to death you have for my sake sacrificed your Honour,

and

and your Life to the hatred and scorn of your Parents, and to the severity of your Religion, and the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey, what acknowledgments do not I owe for a Passion so great and excessive? Do you believe it is possible for me to forget you, or to quit you after so great Proofs of your Love? Madam, you would have had reason to complain of me, if I had proved so ungrateful, as not to have answered your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal Testimony of my Love, and that with the same Ardour you express'd towards me: That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the most ungrateful Lover in the World; on the other side, God is my Witness, I



always persevered to adore you,  
 and to love you much better  
 than I love my self. I never want-  
 ed either Respect or Love for  
 you when I writ to you, I al-  
 ways did it with all the Ardour  
 and Civility possible : I have gi-  
 ven you proofs of a Passion, the  
 most perfect and excessive that  
 any man could have for the most  
 lovely and accomplish'd Person  
 in the World. In this state, and  
 with those Sentiments I always  
 persevere : What can I do more?  
 What can you desire more of  
 me? I have made an intire Sa-  
 crifice to you of all that I am,  
 and of all that belongs to me. I  
 am ready to abandon all for you,  
 to undertake a tedious Voyage,  
 to pass the Seas, and to expose  
 my Life to the mercy of the  
 Waves, to come and find you  
 out,

out, even at your Monastery. There's nothing more remains after so great Testimonies of my Passion (If I shall be so happy as to survive all these Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of my self to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happiness of seeing you, I will throw my self at your Feet (how guiltless and innocent soever I am of all you accused me) as a Victim to the heat of your Courroux and Fury, without the least resistance to your Will and Pleasure. All these Proofs of my Passion for you are (methinks) far from being the Effects of that natural Aversion you believe I have for you; so far that I love you infinitely, you are infinitely dear to me, and I am wholly yours, and at your Devotion. I

know well enough, I have no Qualifications fit to recommend me to, or in any degree to merit your Love, but that of a faithful Lover, though in that point you seem to do me the injury to distrust me. You demand of me what I have ever done to oblige or please you, what Sacrifice I have made you, and if I had not always a greater regard to my own pleasure and satisfaction than to yours. And now in answer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obey'd you in all things you had a mind to, or would have me? If I have not sacrificed my all to you, all that I am, and all that I have? Or if I have sought after any other pleasures, than those you were pleased to allow. If I gamed, or went a hunting,  
 did

did not you approve of these Recreations? When I went to the Army, did not you consent and give me free leave? If I was one of the last in leaving it, I was detain'd by force. If I exposed my self to the danger of Shot, I did it with all the Prudence and Caution I could possible; but always with a due regard to my Honour, that I might become the more worthy of you, and your Favour. And if upon my return into *Portugal*, I did not settle my self there, 'twas because I found not an occasion favourable enough for our Love. 'Tis true, a Letter from my Brother made me leave that Countrey, but 'twas upon an occasion so urgent, as would not admit of any delay. Your self agreed to it also; and if you had com-

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mand-